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REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC BEFORE MOZART.

(Continued from page 538).

THE regeneration of the fugued style preceded that of the melodic. Music first attained a melody with Pergolese and Hasse, when the old tree of counterpoint had exalted all its energy in the production of the fruits which crowned it after eight centuries of growth.

A constantly extended application of melody to the fugued style led this gradually out from the state of *unmeaningness* into that of *expression*. Instead of arbitrarily stringing together whole rows of notes, as formerly, instead of arranging the voice as chance dictated, or selecting them merely with a view to facilitate the contrapuntal treatment, the fugue writers were obliged to combine themes or subjects, that is to say, short melodic sentences, which in themselves had a form, a sense, a character, since they were already taken from the modern scale. They soon discovered that, if the canonical imitation is a principle of inexhaustible variety, there is still another principle of contrast which springs from the union or the opposition of two or more themes different in their design. From this double principle sprang naturally by degrees all the laws of our present co-called periodic fugue. The subject and the answer, which contributed to the imitation, met in a counter-subject, which served to furnish the contrast. But since it was unavoidable that the subject, when repeatedly heard, grew wearisome to the ear, they had to introduce points of rest and supply its place *ad interim* by a third agent, which they called the *intermediate harmony*. The duration of these interruptions, the re-entrance of the subject in the course of a new development, the order in which the *Dux* and *Comes* (leader and companion) had to succeed and alternate with one another in all the parts of which the fugue consists, were subjected to the laws of the *rebounding stroke*. Finally, to regulate the transpositions or the alternation of the figures between the voices, they added to the law-book of the art of composition a supplementary chapter, treating of double counterpoint. Such are the main elements and the most essential laws of the periodical fugue. A multitude of learned combinations can be introduced, the most difficult refinements of the old canon may be woven in, which indeed to a certain extent is unavoidable; if the fugue consists of several themes and has many developments, or if the contrapuntal interest must go on steadily *crescendo*. This they call a *worked-up fugue*, *fuga ricercata*. Moreover there are but few composers who have found the beautiful upon the path of Josquin; so that I fear it is almost superfluous for me to repeat with Boileau: "There are only some three of them, that I can name."

To Italy again belongs the honor of having produced the greatest composers of the seventeenth century. Allegri, Benevoli, the two Bernabei, and some others, but, above all, Frescobaldi, the venerable father of the fuguists and organists, who after him distinguished themselves in the contrapuntal style regenerated through melody. The works of these men will always deserve the most earnest study, although their fugues at this day would not stand the test of execution. They would lack effect, first, because the themes are not melodious and therefore not characteristic enough; and secondly, because the happiest successes in this style depend on those of instrumental music with the grand orchestra, which at that time was next to nothing. A fugue would not tell much upon our present musical hearing, unless developed in an imposing mass of voices and instruments, or of instruments alone. Besides mere material effect, which is here of greater consequence than elsewhere, another advantage of treating this style in widely extended relations and with the intervention of all the sonorous instruments, lies in the fact that the themes come out more distinctly, and that there are more means of varying the design, when the combinations and antitheses lie between the choir and the orchestra. There are a great many instrumental figures which singers cannot execute, while the orchestra, through the variety of its instruments, through the possibility of making seven octaves available, and because at this day it knows scarcely any

further insurmountable mechanical difficulties, executes everything, and fills out the short comings of the singers in all cases.

For us the fugue will always have only a historical interest, and it first begins with Bach and Händel to become that musical enjoyment which we require. With them too, one might say, it ends; for they are to us so much the personification of the kind in the entire purity of its forms and according to the strictness of its laws, that after Bach and Händel we scarcely see any one else but still again Bach and Händel. They stand there isolated over against their predecessors and followers, and rule, in their original sublimity, the century which came after them in the annals of music.

Two men like these require a greater space than I can give them in the biography of another. Besides, they have their own biographers, to whom I hold it my duty to refer the reader; at all events with respect to Bach, whose life has been written and whose style analyzed by Förfel with a talent worthy of the historian of music.* But as a foreigner I cannot accept all the conclusions, to which an excessive patriotism and a sort of not very philosophic contempt for the elegant, or what was once called in Germany the *gallant style*, have led him. Förfel does not confess this, to be sure, but he poorly conceals it. In his extravagance he goes so far, as to call Bach the greatest musical poet, and, what is wholly incomprehensible, the greatest musical declaimer, that has ever lived. Bach a declaimer! He surely never expected such praise.

Burney is much more impartial in his estimate of these two masters, both of whom to him were foreigners. The comparison, which they led him to make, is very short—in fact very superficial, but there is a fund of truth in it, which induces me to copy here the few lines, out of which he should have made at least as many pages in his general history.

"Händel was, perhaps, the only great fuguist exempt from pedantry. He seldom treated barren or crude subjects; his themes being almost always natural and pleasing. Sebastian Bach, on the contrary, like Michael Angelo in painting, disdained facility so much, that his genius never stopped to the easy and graceful. I never have seen a fugue by this learned and powerful author upon a *motivo*, that is natural and *chantant*; or even an easy and obvious passage, that is not loaded with crude and difficult accompaniment."

Without pretending to exhaust a comparison, which would require long commentaries, I must say, that the contrast pointed out by Burney was the result quite as much of the difference of genius of the two masters, as of their relative positions. Händel, as opera-writer, director, and favourite composer of the nation, would have striven to write in a style popular with those for whom he laboured, even if the clearness of his thoughts and style had not already of themselves insured this result. Bach, on the contrary, whom no interest of fame or profit brought into contact with the great public, sought no popularity, nor did he feel the need of it. Moreover, nothing could have been so repugnant to his character as a man, and his nature as an artist, as the means, which might have procured him these things. He loves to fathom the unknown depths of harmony, to try all possible combinations of chords and modulations, with regard to contrapuntal treatment, even if the ear at times makes some resistance. He is learned, thorough and through; he shows a strength which frequently degenerates to hardness, a novelty at times startling, a depth far surpassing the intelligence of the common hearer, a greatness and sublimity beyond any musician before him.

If we consider Bach and Händel as to their historical significance, we find that the first was called to solve the problem of the oratorio, which had come into competition some years before, as Gluck resolved somewhat afterwards the problem of musical tragedy, which was raised at the same time. Both alike possessed in the highest degree the special talents which their respective tendencies required.

Bach, for his own part, busied himself less with the formal applications of music than with music itself, independently con-

* Ueber J. S. Bach's Leben, Kunst und Kunstwerke, 1802.

sidered, and in the depths of its own peculiar laws. The fountain head of this master goes farther back than that of Händel, since he is in a certain manner the continuator of the Flemish school, which treated the art in the same spirit and would have treated it with the same power, had the material therefor existed to its hands. Three centuries of progress, to which Bach's single genius added the equivalent of a fourth century, enabled it at length to raise the old Gothic contrapuntal art to the height, where it resembles, in its outward and mysterious majesty, those architectural monuments which were the witnesses of its birth, which served it for a cradle, and which, like itself, received the epithet Gothic at first in a contemptuous sense, but now synonymous with all that there is grand, and bold, and wonderful in architecture. Bach is the musical patriarch of Lutheranism. His church compositions, compared with the great Catholic masters, express faithfully the spirit of both modes of worship at a time in which the Reformation in Germany still retained something of its original hardness.

Such, in general, are about the results of the parallel borrowed from Burney, which I have felt obliged to strengthen with some indispensable features. Even in the finest scores of Händel we find rubbish; in the masterworks of Bach there is none; and yet Bach is of a more antique colouring than Händel. The reason is, because the fashionable musician courted the applause of his public, while the cantor at the St. Thomas Church in Leipzig required no such thing at the hands of his public, which was composed of scholars and subalterns, who were in duty bound to obey him, and for the rest, of artists and connoisseurs, whose interest it was to understand him. One was compelled to write much in the taste of his time; the other, from the moment that he attained to his classical maturity, wrote nothing that was not purely in his own taste;—a good fortune, we repeat it, which he owed to his position and his character, and to which his works owe their eternal freshness. Alike wonderful in their fugues and in their fugued choruses, although through different means, Bach shows himself, in my opinion, as the greater artist, Händel as the greatest poet. The creator of the *Messiah* must please more and more universally in the hearing; but the composer of the *Well-tempered Clavichord* and the *Chromatic Fantasia* will interest more deeply in the reading, and in a much higher degree excite the admiration of musicians who would pursue the study of their art as far as possible. Their arias are the weak side of either masters. Those of Händel sin, as a general rule, after the manner of the old melodies, by a formalism which no longer speaks to us; yet you find some among them which are very beautiful, and which yield satisfaction even to the connoisseurs of our day. The arias and duos of Bach, for instance, those in his celebrated cantata "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" (A sure castle is our God), sin very often through an entirely opposite fault. They seem truly to belong to no epoch, so difficult is it to imagine that any one could ever have found any great enjoyment in listening to them. They are not antiquated, for that which had no youth and no present, cannot grow old; they are repugnant and strange. But although Bach only followed his personal inspiration, without troubling himself about what might or might not please, yet he chanced also upon melodies, which by their novelty, grace, freshness, and expression, certainly leave the loveliest arias behind them. Is there anything more wonderful, for instance, than the number 26 of the *Passion*, a tenor air with chorus, and the number 33 of the same work, "Air of Zion," that is to say, a fugued duet between soprano and contralto, followed by the sublime chorus, "The lightnings, the thunders in cloud have retreated!" Quite modern music that, and such music!

(To be continued.)

BERLIN.—At the Royal Opera-house, *La Muette de Portici* has been given, with Herr Theodor Formes in the principal part, and Mad. Formes as *La Muette*. At the Theatre Royal, *Antigone*, with Mendelssohn's music, has proved very attractive. There is a report here that Herr Richard Wagner intends writing an overture to Goethe's *Faust*.

DANIEL AUBER.

DANIEL FRANÇOIS ESPRIT AUBER—one of the most celebrated and popular composers of the modern stage—was born at Caen, in France, on the 29th of January, 1784, during a voyage which his parents made to that city. His father was a print-seller in easy circumstances, and had his establishment in Paris. From his earliest years, the youthful Daniel displayed the happiest disposition for music, which, however, at first, his parents made him study as an accomplishment, rather than with any ulterior view to its becoming a profession. After having learned, for some time, to play on the piano, under the superintendence of M. Lardurner, he was sent to London, and placed in a house of business, to gain an insight into the mysteries of commerce in all its branches. He was soon disgusted with pursuits which nature never intended he should follow, and returned to Paris. Received in the world with delight, on account of his talents and his *esprit*, he began to make himself known by the composition of romanzas, canzonettes, and such like bagatelles, some of which obtained more than an average degree of popularity by their grace and tunefulness. Above all, a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, which he published about the same time at Paris, gave evidence that he could treat instrumental music with ability. Works of greater consideration and more importance shortly afterwards came to augment the reputation of young Auber among artists.

Among the most intimate of his friends, he reckoned M. Lamare, the celebrated violoncellist. This person had a peculiar manner of playing on his instrument, which he was desirous of perpetuating by means of a style of music proper to it. Though a fine executant, he was, nevertheless, not gifted with the talent of composition, and possessed, indeed, not one single melodic idea, nor a suggestion which he could transform into a musical *morceau*. At his request, Auber wrote all the concertos for the violoncello which have appeared under the name of Lamare, and many others which still remain in manuscript. The public took for granted that these works were the composition of the violoncellist, but every artist knew that they were written by Auber. The decided character of these pieces of music produced a lively sensation in the artistic world, and it was not difficult to augur, from their freshness and originality, that the author was destined some day to achieve a brilliant reputation. About the same time, Auber wrote a concerto for the violin, which was executed at the Conservatoire at Paris by Mazas, and obtained a brilliant success.

The ambition of writing for the theatre had, before this time, induced him to set to music the old comic opera entitled *Julie*, with accompaniment for two violins, two altos, violoncello and contra-basso. This work, which contained several charming airs of concerted pieces, was represented upon an amateur stage at Paris, and received with considerable applause. Shortly afterwards, Auber wrote for the little theatre of M. de Caraman, Prince of Chimay, another opera with complete orchestra, from which he subsequently drew many *morceaux* for his other works.

In spite of his success and the consideration in which his talents were held in the circle of a certain world of artists and amateurs, Auber perceived that his musical studies were incomplete, and that his knowledge in the art of writing was far from perfect. He therefore turned his most serious attention to the severer branches of musical composition, and placed himself under the direction of M. Cherubini. His studies with this great and erudite master terminated, he composed a mass for four voices, from which he afterwards took the celebrated prayer of his opera, *La Muette de Portici*. In 1813, he made his *début* in public with an opera in one act, which was brought out at the theatre Feydeau, under the title of *Séjour Militaire*. This composition did not altogether justify the expectations which the first attempts of Auber led his friends to entertain. It exhibited nothing of the grace and freshness of ideas which characterised his earlier productions.

A repose of many years succeeded to this comparative failure, and the composer, disappointed if not chagrined by the ill-reception of his latest accomplishment, appears to have renounced a career which held out to him such brilliant prospects, when a serious pecuniary loss in his family and the death of his father, obliged him to seek within himself resources for his livelihood, and to fall back upon that art as a profession which before he had prosecuted for his amusement only. No doubt Daniel Auber, at that time, looked upon the loss of fortune and the death of his father as two of the severest calamities that could befall him: but, could he have peeped into futurity, and have caught a glimpse of the renown and the glory which awaited his labours, stimulated, if not created, by that loss and that death, it would certainly have lessened his grief and ameliorated his pain. As it was, he began composing with little enthusiasm, and seemed to work more from the

head than the heart. In 1819 he had an opera in one act, called *Le Testament et les Billets doux*, brought out at the Opéra Comique. This was considered inferior even to the *Séjour Militaire*, and was lashed unsparringly by the critics of the musical press. Auber, however, redeemed himself in the following year (1820) when *La Bergère Châtelaine*—a comic opera in three acts—was produced at the same theatre in the month of February. This work was distinguished by novelty of ideas, freshness of melody, clear and brilliant instrumentation, and dramatic vigour. *La Bergère Châtelaine* obtained a complete success, and may be said to have laid the foundation stone of the reputation of the composer. *Emma; ou, la Promesse imprudente*, an opera in three acts, accomplished what *La Bergère Châtelaine* commenced, and henceforward Auber knew nothing but success.

The individuality of Auber's style now began to declare itself. Although decidedly French, so much of his music was original, his ideas were so entirely his own, his mode of treatment so masterly, his instrumentation so rich and picturesque, and his melodies so sparkling and natural, that he was hailed by his countrymen as a musical phenomenon, and placed on the throne of pre-eminence accordingly. This lofty position he occupied without any attempt being made to remove him, until Rossini came to the French metropolis, when the fickle Parisians installed the "Swan of Pesaro" in his place, and dethroned their former idol. Auber took his revenge—the most terrible he could inflict—by composing *Fra Diavolo* and *La Muette de Portici*.

Auber has been accused of copying Rossini. He has occasionally been led into his manner—who could have escaped its fascinations when first his music came into vogue?—but I see no copy, certainly no servile copy. The author of *La Muette de Portici* is, to my fancy, hardly less an original thinker than the author of *Guillaume Tell*. In no place in the world, strange to say, is Daniel Auber held in less repute than in his own country. Whereas, in every other nation, where music is loved and venerated as an art, Auber occupies the very highest station among composers for the stage; in France—and more particularly in Paris—he is considered little superior to Halévy and other popular writers of the day, who are entirely devoid of genius. That this is not a fair estimate of the composer of *La Muette de Portici*, none, who is not a Frenchman, will deny.

The success of *Bergère Châtelaine* and *Emma* stimulated Auber to write other works for the Opéra Comique. *Leicester*, an opera in three acts, was produced in 1822; *La Neige*, in three acts, in 1823; *Le Concert à la Cour*, in 1824; *Léocadie*, in three acts, in 1824; *Le Maçon*—perhaps the most charming of all his early operas—in three acts, in 1825; *Fiorella*, in three acts, in 1826; and *La Fiancée*, in three acts, in 1828. His first grand opera, *La Muette de Portici*, was brought out at the Académie Royale de Musique, at the commencement of the year 1828. Its success was almost unparalleled, and far surpassed the anticipation of all who had attended the rehearsals. The merits of this chef-d'œuvre of the French school are known all over the globe, and the melodies of *La Muette de Portici* (or *Masaniello* as it is called in the translated versions) have become as it were household words. *La Muette* was got up with extraordinary splendour at the Académie-Royale, and made a new fortune for the management. In 1829, *Fra Diavolo* was brought out at the Opéra-Comique, and, in its way, achieved no less brilliant a success. *Fra Diavolo*, like *La Muette*, was translated into every European language, and played upon every stage. It has now become a standard work in the *répertoire* of every operatic establishment—not Italian.

Le Philtre was brought out at the Académie-Royale in the summer of 1831, but was a sad falling off from *La Muette de Portici*. *Le Dieu et La Bayadère* and *Le Serment*, followed soon after; but both were considered weak in comparison to the first work produced at the Grand Opera, and did not create an extraordinary sensation. In both operas, nevertheless, more particularly in the former, there is some music worthy of Auber's best moments of inspiration.

Notwithstanding the slight estimation in which *Gustave III.* is held by the French connoisseurs—or would-be connoisseurs—with M. F. J. Fétis, the celebrated bibliographer and musical critic, at their head, I cannot help thinking that it is a masterpiece fit to be ranked with *La Muette de Portici* and the finest productions of the Grand Opera. I acknowledge that the music is trivial in some parts, but how it rises in others, and how lofty and magnificent it is in many! I think I could point out more than one place in the score of *Gustave III.* where the genius of the composer rises even higher than in *La Muette de Portici*. At all events, I know I am not singular in my opinion.

Numberless are the works produced by M. Auber, between *Gustave III.* and *Jenny Bell*, his latest operatic achievement—a period of more than twenty three years. Of these—as I am writing a brief sketch, not an elaborate memoir—I need only cite such as have been considered worthy enough to be handed down to our own times, or have obtained

in their day much celebrity. The dates of the first representations of *L'Ambassadrice* and *La Sirene* I do not know. The *Domino Noir* made its first appearance at the Opéra Comique in 1837. Its success was immense, and the genius of the composer of *Fra Diavolo* was once more in the ascendant. *Zanetta*, a comic opera, in three acts, was produced at the Opéra Comique in 1840, but, though containing some sparkling and piquant music, did not greatly please. *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, brought out in 1841, created as great a sensation as the *Domino Noir*, and these works now constitute two of the most attractive pieces in the *répertoire* of the Opéra Comique. *Le Duc d'Orléans* was first performed in 1842. It also was represented at the Opéra Comique, and achieved a fair, if not a brilliant, success.

M. Auber was again tempted, after a long interregnum, to try his powers at the Académie Royale de Musique. He composed the music to the libretto of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, which had been furnished him by the indefatigable M. Scribe, and the opera was produced in 1850. The success of the piece was undoubted; it ran many nights and drew large houses. *L'Enfant Prodigue* was produced the same year in London, at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Lumley, with a distribution of parts far superior to that of the Parisian Academy, and with a splendour and completeness never, I believe, surpassed on any stage. The music of this work is light, graceful, and highly characteristic; and there is withal an oriental luxuriance in it, which is singularly appropriate to the time and the scene. Unfortunately, the liking for natural and simply expressive music was growing out of date when *L'Enfant Prodigue* was produced, and Auber's new work had by no means the success it merited.

Lestocq was produced at the Opéra-Comique about a year after *Gustave III.* was first represented at the Académie Royale, but did not follow up the triumphs of its brother of the Grand-Opéra. It was, however, so successful as to have a long run, and was brought out the same year at Drury-Lane, in an English form, with great splendour and completeness. *Lestocq* has not kept its place on the stage. Whatever beauties it contained, they were not sufficiently striking to ensure an immortality for the opera, which now, to all appearance, is consigned to oblivion.

Of Auber's last three works for the stage—*Zerlina, ou, La Corbeille d'Oranges*, *Marco Spada*, and *Jenny Bell*—it is unnecessary to speak at length, as they have added little to the reputation of the composer. *Zerlina*—written expressly for Mdle. Alboni—was brought out at the Grand Opéra in 1851, and was subsequently produced at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. Its success was by no means overwhelming, either in the French or English capital. *Marco Spada* and *Jenny Bell* are both offsprings of the Opéra-Comique, and each may be said to have achieved a *succès d'estime*. When it is considered, however, that Auber is now in his seventy-first year, and that these operas have been written within two years—*Jenny Bell* made her *début* only a few months since—it will excite no wonder if they fail to reveal the freshness, buoyancy, and enthusiasm of the earlier days of the author. That they are productions of no mean excellence may be gathered from the fact, that *Marco Spada* has been translated into several languages, and that *Jenny Bell* continues to delight the visitors to the Opéra-Comique.

Judging him by his greatest works—the only mode of arriving at a true estimate of the merits of a composer, since what is trivial or feeble may be the consequence of hurry or necessity, for even "Homer sometimes sleeps"—Daniel François Auber must be pronounced one of the most original geniuses that ever adorned the lyric stage.

NORTHAMPTON, Sept. 11th, 1855.—Madame Anna Thillon, Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. Farquharson, with Mr. Richardson (flute) and Mr. Case (concertina and conductor), gave two concerts here this morning and evening, with great success. Mad. Thillon's "Minnie," Mr. Augustus Braham's "Oft in the still Night," Mr. Farquharson's "Blue Beard," and Messrs. Richardson and Case's "Rule Britannia," and a serenade from *Don Pasquale*, all met with encores; and both the morning and evening concerts passed off with great enthusiasm.

STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.—Several gentlemen in Hanley are desirous of promoting the establishment of cheap concerts for the people, to take place at short intervals in the Town Hall, or some other suitable place. The Choral Society is disposed to further the object, by rendering the required professional assistance on liberal terms; and all that is wanted is a matured plan, to come into operation in October, and to be continued during the winter.

THE DYING SONG OF THE SWAN.

According to tradition, the swan sings once in its life, and its strains are the sign of its approaching death. At all times it has been agreed that the last work of a great poet was the song of the dying swan, he himself being the swan. In this manner, Virgil has been named the Swan of Mantua; Pindar the Swan of Thebes; while, in our own days, it is considered a mark of good taste to denominate Rossini the swan of Pesaro. What a pity that it was impossible to preserve the song which Anacreon hummed at the moment he was giving up the ghost! It would have been an interesting task to compare this "song of the swan" with Weber's "Last Waltz," which is nothing more, by the way, than one of the first ideas of Reissiger, chapelmaster of his Majesty, the King of Saxony, a fact, however, which has not prevented this beautiful composition from becoming exceedingly popular, from being played by the prettiest of hands, and from being the cause of tears in the prettiest of eyes. Thus, this elegy, in which persons of a subtle, analytical mind thought they heard the last sigh, the last complaint of the illustrious *maestro*, and groaned under this death struggle in G minor—this elegy—this last song of the swan, was simply the warbling of a lark, admirably disguised in funeral harmony.

A very curious book might be written on the works supposed to have emanated from this or that celebrated author, either in literature or music, but which, very frequently, are merely the lucubrations of authors more or less unknown. If it is not always the spirit of speculation which commits offences of this description, it is often the most Boetian ignorance. One day I happened to be at Turin. In the windows of a bookseller's shop, I remarked the portrait of Beethoven figuring on the title-page of a piece of music. The peculiarity of this portrait consisted in the divine *maestro* being represented at full length, with a long frock coat, pantaloons à *sous-pied*, his hair floating in the wind, his hands behind his back, and a pair of gloves. Beneath the portrait there was a *fac-simile* of his signature. The head was really very like Beethoven, or, at least, like all his portraits I had ever seen. I walked into the shop, and bought the piece of music, in order to become the possessor of the portrait, as I had formerly purchased Reissiger's idea to purchase Weber's portrait. I opened the first page. It was the theme which the illustrious *maestro* composed and arranged with variations in his sonata dedicated to Kreutzer; while, in order that the vulgar might not be mistaken about the beautiful work, but might understand everything about it, after the words *Pensée de Louis van Beethoven*, the bookseller had had the prudence to add, in large letters: *Air du tremolo de Bériot*. As the reader perceives, I had made a good bargain; I only desired the portrait, and I had become the proprietor of a musical curiosity.

But let us return to our—swans. It is a consolation for the survivors to raise a deceased friend's productions, though of the smallest possible merit, or, indeed, of the most worthless description, to the height of an epic poem. "Look there," said a person to me, one day, "look at that—what admirable music—what touching melody! You would think it was written for angels, and inspired by heaven, whither my poor friend is gone to sing it. It is the dying song of the swan, sir—the dying song of the swan." I was obliged to respect the grief of my interlocutor, and to praise, approve, admire, grow enthusiastic, and rave about, the work, though (Heaven forgive me for my charitable falsehood) in this dying song of the swan I could not see the least sign of a song. For one person it is a poem; for another, a musical composition; while, for a third, it is a picture. The dying song of the swan is applicable to everything and everybody. For Millevoys, it is *La Chute des Feuilles*; for Leopold Robert, *Les Pêcheurs de l'Adriatique*; for Bellini, *I Puritani*, and for Hérold, *Le Pré aux Clercs*. I can still recollect, on the occasion of one of the early representations of the latter opera, the painful impression, the shudder that pervaded the house, and the tears that burst forth at the words, "*Il est mort! Il est mort!*" which the two *chevaux-légers* sing as they carry off the body of Commings, while the violoncellos emit a sombre, lugubrious, and almost sepulchral melody. From that moment, there was no more applause—no more transports! Every heart was oppressed, every breast on the point of suffocation. You could see the tears beneath the amille, while even the actors on the stage forgot to sing. Everywhere you heard nothing but sobs. Those present recalled the touching Marie—they were still moved by the complaints of the noble Isabella, regretting her native land, like Göthe's Mignon. They remembered, too, that second Alice of a second *Robert le Diable*—the Alice of *Zampa*. The rose-coloured prism through which we were accustomed to see these charming creations was obscured. Naught remained by a cold statue reposing on a tomb. This statue was, perhaps, *La fiancée de Marbre*, while the tomb—the tomb received our well-

beloved Hérold. For us it was the commencement of mourning; for him, of immortality.

The last inspiration, the last song, the last word of the poet or artist is far from being always a piece of celestial intuition, or divine aspiration. Rabelais, the joyous curé of Meudon; Tacconnet, the facetious comedian; and Rameau—even Rameau, the patriarch of French music—are striking examples of this. It is reported that Rabelais, feeling his end approach, said to those around him, "Let down the curtain—the farce is over," and expired immediately afterwards. Tacconnet died in the hospital of the Charité. When his last hour had already arrived, he turned round to a bed near him, in which lay a poor dying wretch whom, like many others, he had caused to laugh in happier times, and said: "Make haste, my good friend, go and build up a stage down below, and tell Pluto that I shall play this evening before his court *L'Avocat Savetier*, and *La Mort du Bonf Gras*."

Rameau fell a victim to the attacks of a complicated fever, at the age of eighty-three. The king had granted him letters of nobility, without which he could not be received Chevalier of the Order of St. Michel, but we are assured he would not have them registered, in order to avoid an expense for which he cared more than he did for nobility. Several of his friends having in vain endeavoured to prevail on him to register the letters, the curé of St. Eustache called at his house and spoke with him a long time on the subject, so long, indeed, that Rameau at last exclaimed with fury, "*Que diable me chantez-vous là, Monsieur le curé? Vous avez la voix faussée!*"

This irritability and hot-headed impatience of the French musician afford a striking contrast to the tranquility and extraordinary sang-froid of Colardeau, in a situation altogether similar. Colardeau was the Mentor of authors. A day seldom passed by, without one or other of them coming to consult him, and to ask his advice as to the alterations necessary in their works. But one fine day, Colardeau was ill—Colardeau was dying. A friend, an author, entered his room, in a state of great excitement. "Save me," said the new-comer. "Here is my piece, *L'Homme personnel*. It is played to-morrow; read it to-day." "Do you save me," replied Colardeau, "I shall die to-day, and I shall be buried to-morrow." "Do not laugh, my dear Colardeau," replied the author. "Be as kind as you always are. I will read, and you shall listen." "I cannot," said Colardeau, in a broken voice. "I shall die at four o'clock, for the doctors have so decided." "Alas!" said his interlocutor, looking uneasily at the clock, the pendulum of which swung to and fro with its ordinary exactitude. "Alas! alas—but there is time enough." "I have not signed my will."—"The lawyer can wait."—"But I must confess."—"You have plenty of time for that; the priest can come again."—"But how can I form a judgment on your piece? you see very well that I am at the point of death!"—"If you do not pronounce your judgment on it now, when can I ever see you again? The piece is played to-morrow."—Finding all his efforts of no avail, the dying man heard, with great resignation, *L'Homme personnel* read to the end.

When the author had finished, Colardeau said, in the mildest, calmest tone imaginable, "My good friend, allow me to give you a piece of advice." "Ah!" said the poet, shutting up his manuscript, "I was not wrong, you are still the best of men. Tell me, tell me, what it is!" While speaking thus he kept his eyes fixed, with continually increasing anxiety on the clock, which then marked a quarter to four. "Well, then," said Colardeau, "there is one very valuable trait wanting in the character of your hero." "What is it, my dear Colardeau, tell me quickly, I beg of you."—"A very valuable one."—"What—what! tell me for Heaven's sake!"—"And in your place I should certainly—" "Well, well—the trait."—"Well, then," replied the patient, with a mild and ineffable smile, which no longer belonged to this world, "it is that of forcing a friend, at the point of death, to listen to the reading of a comedy—in five acts—of verse." Having pronounced these words, Colardeau expired. They were the dying song of the swan in his case.—*French Paper.*

COLOGNE.—Mr. Mitchell has concluded an agreement with the *Männergesangsverein* for Paris. Fourteen concerts will be given in the Italian Opera-house under the immediate patronage of the Emperor. Mr. Mitchell takes all the risk, but shares the profits with the Association, if the speculation proves successful. He has deposited one thousand pounds for the travelling expenses, etc., of the members, who will start in about a week from the present time. The *Singerbund*, composed of seceders from the *Gesangsverein*, is progressing very satisfactorily under the direction of Herr Kipper. It already numbers fifty members resident in the town, besides a great many others from the neighbouring country.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEVER had correspondent a more hopeless task, than he who at the present time is expected to write apropos of musical or theatrical events in Paris. The Israelites, when compelled by their taskmasters, the Egyptians, to make bricks without straw, were comparatively happy, for they possessed some of the requisite materials, though an important accessory was denied to them. But in Paris the musical news is literally *nil*. Not a Parisian is to be found in any quarter of the place, and though the operas and theatres are filled to suffocation, and the boulevards crowded to excess, you see no old familiar faces, but provincials meet your eye in every box, at every turn, and English is spoken on the Boulevard de Gand much more commonly than French. In short, Paris has gone out of town, and London and the provinces have taken possession thereof. One event, however, connected with a theatrical representation, has produced a profound sensation, and, but for the wonderful news from Sebastopol, would have formed the sole topic of conversation. The Emperor, as most of our readers are already aware, has been shot at by a cowardly assassin, on his way to the Théâtre Italien. The following particulars are from an eye-witness of the scene, and contain some details which have not previously been published.

Madame Ristori, being about to depart for St. Petersburg, where she is engaged for the winter, the Emperor desired to witness her farewell performance, and accordingly, on Saturday night, he commanded Maria Stuarda, in which part he had never seen the great tragedian. The court being at Saint Cloud, the Imperial party arrived in several carriages-and-four. There is a private entrance for the Emperor to the Théâtre Italien, as at the Grand Opéra. The door opens upon the Rue Marsollier, on the left hand going from the Rue des Petits-Champs. Facing this door is a sort of warehouse attached to the theatre, which is always closed at night, and the street itself is little frequented.

Shortly before the arrival of the imperial party, an individual stationed himself before this warehouse, under one of the lamp-posts. One of the imperial carriages arrived, containing the Princess d'Elssling, mistress of the robes, the Vicomtesse Lezay-Marnezia, lady in waiting, and M. de Varaigne, "préfet du palais." A cry of *Vive l'Empereur* was raised in the crowd, whereon the individual in question forthwith fired two shots at the carriage, from two small pocket pistols. He was immediately arrested by the police, and turns out to be a shoemaker, named Bellemarre. His antecedents are bad, and he has been imprisoned for offences against the property of his fellow citizens, and also against the state. There seems little doubt, however, that he is deranged. The news of the attempt spread like wildfire, and on the Emperor arriving in five minutes after it was made, he was received with tremendous cries of *Vive l'Empereur*. The audience took up the shout, and it was some time before the performance could begin. When the curtain rose, a gentleman appeared on the stage, and, after the accustomed reverences to the audience, reclaimed their indulgence for Madame Ristori, in consequence of the "profound emotion under which she laboured." This indulgence was granted amidst general cheering, but Madame Ristori's performance had little need of apology. The Emperor only remained until the conclusion of the second act, when he proceeded at once to the Tuileries, alarmed no doubt lest the news should have reached the Empress, who did not accompany him to the theatre, but went to the Tuileries direct from St. Cloud. Any alarm just now, in the present condition of the Empress, might be productive of the most serious consequences, and ruin the fair hopes of the Napoleon dynasty.

Santa Chiara is in full rehearsal at the Opera, and we are told to expect its production at the end of the month. I anticipate no such speedy *début* for the new work of its serene author; first, because I know from experience how deceitful are the promises of opera directors with regard to expected novelties; secondly, because I am satisfied no change will take place so long as the ex-

hibition is open, and so long as thousands are turned back each night from the doors with their money in their hands. Twenty-eight representations of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* have alternated with those of the *Prophète*, and the crowd of those who would "assist" continues steadily increasing. The Théâtre Lyrique has opened with *Jaguarita l'Indienne* and *Robin des Bois*, and Mesdames Cabel and Lauters are successful as ever. The Opéra-Comique still affixes *Haidée*, *L'Etoile du Nord* and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, and M. Perrin has no cause to complain of the state of his coffers.

One novelty, and one only, has broken the theatrical paucity of news, in the shape of a new comedy by M. Léon Gozlan at the Théâtre Français. M. Gozlan, who has always been happy in the nomenclature chosen for his pieces, has christened his new comedy *Le Gâteau des Reines*, and it is a worthy successor to *Le Lion Empaillé*, *Une Tempête dans un verre d'eau*, *Le Queue du chien d'Alcibiade*, *Trois rois et trois dames*, etc., etc. The historical passage chosen for illustration by M. Gozlan is that in which Louis Fifteenth marries Maria Leczinska, in the midst of the intrigues of the Duke of Bourbon, the Marquise de Prie, and Cardinal Fleury. The following is a sketch of the action of the piece:—

Stanislaus the First, king of Poland, seeks refuge after the battle of Pultawa, at Weissenburgh, under the protection of the young Louis XV. The first act is laid in a hall of the old castle, tenanted by the unfortunate king and his daughter, where they live deprived of all the luxuries and many of the necessaries of existence. Marie loves the young Comte d'Estrées, and the poor king, fallen from his high estate, encourages the courtship. The whole of this act is charmingly written, the sentimental and the comic being blended with a master hand. The second act carries us to Versailles, where the young d'Estrées has come to claim the title of duke, promised to his ancestor, and which is now more than ever needed, in order that his rank may approach that of the royal damsel whose affection he has won. We now fall into the inextricable web of intrigues wherein the Duke of Bourbon and his astute mistress have entangled the matrimonial desires of his Majesty. D'Estrées demands the aid of Madame de Prie. The duke becomes jealous of the officer, and promises him the ermined robe. The Infanta of Spain, whom the Cardinal had destined for the king is set aside, and her place as aspirant for the royal hand is filled by Mdle. de Vermandois, sister of the prime minister, the Duke of Bourbon.

In the third act, Madame de Prie arrives *incognito* at the convent of Fonteyrault, in order that she may judge for herself of the merits of M. de Vermandois, who is there being educated. In this act no one appears on the stage, save women of the world, nuns and novices, the sterner sex being altogether excluded. Marie Leczinska, left apparently deserted by d'Estrées, whom in his jealousy the Duke de Bourbon has safely lodged in the Bastille, arrives at the same moment, seeking an asylum in the secluded convent. The marchioness, approving of Mdle. de Vermandois, informs her of the high destinies to which she is called, and Mademoiselle, intoxicated with her good fortune, at once shews herself in her true colours—proud, ambitious, and self-sufficient. Madame de Prie at once discovers her error, and hastens back to Versailles with the news. But the Duke of Bourbon, certain of remaining in power if Mdle. de Vermandois becomes queen, presses the king to conclude the match forthwith. Then, in the fourth act, Stanislaus being called to Versailles from motives political, the king sees his daughter, and falls in love forthwith. But Stanislaus, though dethroned as king, remains honest as man. He has plighted his word, and promised Marie to the young d'Estrées; he will remain faithful to that promise; and in the admirable scene which concludes the fourth act, he prepares to reveal all to the king. The *dénouement* approaches, and Madame de Prie, who prefers the timid and modest Marie to the haughty and imperious Duchesse de Vermandois, does her best to hasten it. Mdle. de Vermandois receives a letter from the hand of the King appointing her Abbess of Fonteyrault—and d'Estrées, released from the Bastille through the mediation of Mad. de Prie, and seeing that he cannot contend against his royal rival, allows Marie to

suppose that he is faithless to her, and has yielded to the captivations of Mad. de Prie. Marie, indignant, at once accepts the hand of the King, and the curtain falls on the departure of the hapless D'Estrées for the Indies, and on the triumph of Mad. de Prie, who exclaims, "J'ai fait une reine, maintenant je vais regner."

This comedy—a comedy of intrigue in the literal acceptation of the term—has afforded a fresh opportunity to M. Léon Gozlan, who has availed himself of it most amply, and given further proofs of his talent: original, ingenious, somewhat paradoxical, but always amusing. The dialogue woven on this tale, half romance, half history, is the most brilliant we have yet had from the pen of this distinguished writer. The character of Stanislaus, that of the young D'Estrées, Mdle. de Vermandois, and an old soldier who attends the King in his exile, are admirable studies, and well worked out. Mad. de Prie forms an excellent contrast to the mild and interesting Marie. Geffroy, Leroux, Delaunay, Monrose, and Saint-Germain, did full justice to the male characters. Mdle. Favart was graceful and charming as Mdle. de Vermandois, but Mdle. Dubois was a weak representative of Marie Leczinska, and degraded the descendant of a long line of kings into a simpering school-girl.

All the theatres were brilliantly illuminated, while one hundred and one guns thundered from the Invalides on Monday evening in honour of the greatest military event in modern times—the fall of Sebastopol. The proverb has again proved its truth—"Tout finit bien à qui sait attendre."

ITALY.—Since our last, music would seem to be looking up a little in some of the principal towns. At Milan two new operas have been produced, or rather one new one and another produced for a short time some two years since, when the success was such as to warrant its reproduction. These are *Leonora de Medici*, by Giulio Briccialdi, at the Carcano, and *Claudia*, by Signor Muzio, at the Rè. Both operas were well received by the public; but Signor Briccialdi's is reproached by the critics with want of originality; while, on the other hand, Signor Muzio's success was somewhat diminished by an over-abundance of it. Signor Briccialdi sticks to the old Italian form; his melodies are monotonous, emasculated, luscious to a fault; a little energy would make him more popular, inasmuch as he is a musician, and his instrumentation is irreproachable. Signor Muzio goes into the opposite extreme; he has discarded the old Italian to follow the French and modern German schools. In this, as an Italian, he is wrong, although as a foreigner he perhaps might be right. Signor Muzio is not wanting in genuine, pure melody, which constitutes the principal charm of Italian music, and need not have recourse to artifices which only overload and do not embellish his ideas. Thus it happens that, instead of following out his original inspiration, he allows himself to be led away by a morbid craving for originality, and, by trying to do too much, spoils his best conceptions. Yet Signor Muzio's success was undoubted, although the execution was far from being unexceptionable.—At Naples, Mercadante's *Leonora* has been produced at the Fondo with success, in spite of the poverty of the execution. Madame Cressi is described as a pretty woman, but a very bad singer; the two tenors, Laudani and Cecchi, as utterly worthless, while much praise is attributed to the buffo singer, Signor Luzio. The management of San Carlo has tried all sorts of devices without avail. The last movement was the introduction of the prose company of the Fiorentini on the lyric stage of San Carlo. The case must indeed be a most desperate one; we have heard of the great singers of this splendid theatre appearing on the boards of their minor brethren to afford the benefit of their talents to some poor but worthy fellow-artist; but to condescend to accept such alms is indeed degrading to the last degree. We, however, opine that the management of the Scala, at Milan, have not so badly managed their own affairs after all. If the public have withheld their patronage, they have so far curtailed their expenses, and have been no losers by the speculation, as the following balance sheet of the late season will show:—The government subsidy was 70,000 francs; subscriptions 11,520; taken at the doors 39,915; from other sources 1,130; making a total of receipts 122,565 francs. The whole of

the expenses were 95,707 francs, leaving a balance in favour of the directors of 26,868 francs. What we have said of the wretched state of La Scala will be borne out by a few details of the expenses, which ought to put our Grisis, Bosios, Marios, and others to the blush, when they reflect on the terms which they get out of our English managers, and those which they would be likely to get in Italy—at the first theatre of Italy, too, La Scala. We find the whole of the vocal department, including singers and chorus, set down at 14,354 francs, about a month's salary of one of our principal singers. Fancy the rubbish here collected together. We find the ballet set down at 12,576, and the orchestra at 21,777 francs. The most curious item is, perhaps, the decorations, which comprise the enormous sum of 2,500 francs, just one hundred pounds. The fact is, that such a state of things proves to demonstration that there are serious elements at work beneath the surface of Milanese society, and the paternal Radetsky had best beware of these symptoms, which have a much graver significance than the mere success or failure, or rise and fall of musical taste. One thing appears to us evident, that music is dead, and will never resuscitate as long as the silly system which now prevails at Milan is allowed to be a plague spot and nightmare to the suffering Italians. If we turn our eyes towards Rome we see things in no better state. At Venice they are worse, if possible; and at Naples worse than all. Nothing doing, and, what is more ominous, no promises for the future. Poor Italy! What with the foreigner, the home despots, and the differences of religion, thy fate is indeed a melancholy one!

NEW YORK.—(Extract of a letter from an occasional Correspondent.)—*Cinderella*—not *La Cenerentola*, by the way, but Rophino Lacy's version—has been produced at Niblo's by the "Pyne and Harrison troop," as it is called, and proved very successful. It will, I have no doubt, turn out a trump card for the manager, and enjoy a very long run. It was produced for the first time in New York, in 1830, when it was played sixty nights right off, a long period, if we consider what New York then was; and so great a favourite has it since become with the public, that, according to excellent authority, it has altogether achieved the triumph of nearly, if not quite, five hundred representations. The Americans have been accused of being a money-making nation, rather too much devoted to the "almighty dollar," as their clever countryman, Washington Irving, terms it. This, however, does not prevent their patronising art, when presented to them in a form they can understand—a fact fully proved by what I have stated with regard to *Cinderella*; while that they pay liberally for it—that they do not wait for "a ticket from a friend," or bore Mr. So-and-So, on the *Weekly Tomahawk and Slasher*, for a private box, as is very generally the custom with persons who are well able to pay in England—that a portion, and a very goodly portion, of what they gain in their favourite counting-house, is expended in the concert-room and theatre, has been pretty convincingly proved by the various European stars who have, at different epochs, visited the States.

But to return more immediately to *Cinderella*. Among the ladies who have successively impersonated the principal part, the forlorn, ill-used, suffering heroine, I may mention Mrs. Austen, the first American representative of it, at the Park Theatre, Mrs. Wood, Mad. Caradori, and Miss Sheriff. With some of the audience, consequently, Miss Louisa Pyne, who, I need scarcely say, was the *Cinderella* on this occasion, had to stand the ordeal of comparison, to which, in spite of the great authority that declared it to be "oderous," some people are so fond of subjecting such of their fellow-creatures as may happen to fall within the scope of their criticism. But Miss Louisa Pyne came unscathed out of this ordeal, and won golden opinions from everybody. She was frequently and heartily applauded, more especially in the duet, "Whence this soft and pleasing flame," and Sir Henry Bishop's, "Lo! here the gentle lark," which—whether legitimately or not, I leave others to decide—she introduced with great effect. The same cannot be said of Mr. W. Harrison's introduction of "I love her, how I love her," from, I believe, the English version of *Gustavus, or the Masked*

Ball. The public did not seem at all anxious to learn anything about how Mr. W. Harrison "loved her," nor to be particularly gratified when he had enlightened them upon the point, so that he took the hint and subsequently omitted this little piece of information with regard to his personal feelings. The other characters were very satisfactorily sustained, Miss Pyne playing Clorinda; Mrs. Holman, Thisbe; Mr. Horncastle, the Baron; Mr. Borrani, Dandini; and Mr. Holland, Pedro. The piece was well put upon the stage, some very pretty and effective scenery having been purposely painted for it. The next novelty here will be the opera of *Rip Van Winkle*, by Mr. Bristow.

According to report, a musical convention will shortly be held in Boston, when some of the compositions of Mr. L. H. Southard, a Bostonian, will be introduced for the first time to the public. They include two concert-overtures and portions of an unfinished opera, founded upon Hawthorne's well-known novel of *The Scarlet Letter*. Herr Robert Stöpel, who composed the music of an operetta written by Dion Boucicault, and called *The Sentinel*, produced some year or two back at the Strand Theatre, and who was subsequently conductor at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford-street, has been appointed musical director at Dion Boucicault's new theatre in New Orleans. Mr. Boucicault, it appears, intends to conduct his theatre on the most liberal terms with regard to every one concerned, for he knows that to procure first-rate talent he must pay first-rate terms, and first-rate talent he declares he will have. Mr. Boucicault's well-known literary merit and intimate knowledge of everything connected with the stage, from the writing of a five-act comedy to the *mise-en-scène* of a farce, render it highly probable that, under his management, a new era for theatricals will shortly commence in New Orleans.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SQUAB PARTY.—No English arrangement of *L'Etoile du Nord* for the pianoforte has yet been published. The French pianoforte score may be had at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, Regent Street.

MISS R.—L.—The author is not known with any certainty. The composition is generally attributed to Doctor Bull, a musician anterior to Purcell. Five stamps sent to the Editor will ensure the delivery of the paper.

ERRATA.—From the omission of a line in our Manchester letter, it was made to appear that the opera of *Sonnambula* was given for the first time there. It should have been, that Mario made his first appearance on the stage at Manchester in that opera.—In heading of letter of "Chorale," of Original Correspondence, for "Gregorians" read "Gregorianizers."

BIRTHS.

ON Friday, the 7th inst., at 36, Baker-street, Mrs. Charles Salaman, of a son.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1855.

ONE or two provincial correspondents are, it would appear, somewhat hurt at our request that they will refrain from criticism in their communications to this journal. Our reasons are easily stated. It is not merely that our space is limited. However substantial an argument from one point of view, this would still leave the main difficulty untouched. The chief objection to provincial criticisms is, not that they occupy space which might be devoted to matters of more absolute importance, but that being (of course) independent, they are likely, now and then—often indeed—to clash with the policy adopted by those immediately responsible in office, those, to speak plainly, in whose hands the general conduct of the journal is vested.

It does not require much eloquence or much logical in-

genuity, to be able to demonstrate, emphatically and clearly, that the advocacy of variously opposite opinions in one and the same paper must lead to inevitable confusion in the minds of its consultors. Either the *Musical World*, for example, represents a certain view of art, by which its praise and its blame are equally regulated, or it represents nothing at all. Supposing the three or four leading articles of the *Times* held each a different tone, in a particular day's impression—where would its readers find a resting-point? In one leader let the war against Russia be defended, as good—in a second pooh-pooh'd, as doubtful—in a third sneered at, as unnecessary—and in a fourth arraigned, as a curse;—What definite result could possibly be deduced from such conflicting arguments? Any one inclined to place confidence in the *Times* as a sure and impartial guide in the shifting domain of politics, would be simply perplexed, and most probably apply in his distress to an oracle less bewildering.

Now—to descend from great things to small—Does not a parallel case exist in regard to ourselves? Most undoubtedly; and if we would aspire to exercise a just influence, as pioneers in art, we must not, either directly or indirectly, be the medium of promoting any other principles than those which our own experience has taught us to look upon as the healthiest and the best. But were we to accord to every one who may be willing to supply us with local news the right of inculcating special doctrines, we should really possess no influence at all, and, instead of acting the part of the wind which controls, impersonate the weather-cock which indiscriminately obeys. On the other hand, we cannot expect, and should be very sorry to exact, from those whose convictions may differ from our own, such a violation of conscience as would be involved in upholding what, if left to themselves, they would be sure to condemn. We wish to see every one as independent as we ourselves endeavour to be, and ask from none a sacrifice which not any consideration in the world would induce us to make. At the same time we have a paramount duty which can only be fulfilled in one manner—a faith to promulgate, which can only be promulgated in one direction; and with a multitude of preachers, each at liberty to enforce his own text, our task would be impossible. If this explanation does not satisfy our discontented correspondents, we can only add we have no other to offer.

THE late Musical Meeting at Birmingham has disclosed one fact, which it were worth the while of the committees of future Festivals to take into their most serious consideration. This is, the almost utter impossibility of obtaining first-rate performances both at the morning and evening concerts with the same band and chorus. While everybody admitted that the execution of the oratorios and sacred pieces at the recent Birmingham Festival, in the morning, was beyond all reproach, it was universally allowed that the performances in the evening were, not only not up to the mark, but altogether unworthy the high reputation of the artists engaged. In every case, when an important work was played, it suffered more or less at the hands of the executants. Mr. Macfarren's *Lenora*, Mr. Howard Glover's *Tun O'Shanter*, Mendelssohn's *Lorely*, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, even the overtures, which the band are supposed to have, and have at their fingers' ends, were all unsatisfactory in the extreme. Are the band and chorus to be censured? Not entirely. Their abilities were taxed beyond their powers, and they were placed in an awkward dilemma. Either they must have economised their strength and have apportioned it between the morning and night—and so have

fallen short of achieving a grand performance, such as that of *Elijah* and *Eli* at the late Birmingham Festival; or, they must have directed all their energies and force to the oratorios in the morning, and thereby disabled themselves from doing justice to the selections in the evening, if anything great was required of them. "Of the two evils choose the least" is a good maxim which was not lost on the band and chorus of the Birmingham Festival. They chose the least evil. They turned their best attention, and devoted their best capabilities to the morning performances, and permitted those of the evening to take care of themselves. The result was, that the former were lauded to the skies and latter animadverted upon severely—both with justice. The indifference, then, and the carelessness of the executants at the evening concerts was an absolute necessity. Had they exerted themselves at night as they did in the morning, in all probability they would have been put *hors-de-combat* for the next day, which would have entailed a far more serious loss upon the festival than any deficiency exhibited in the evening.

How is this state of things to be remedied? Either by providing a new band and chorus for the evening concerts—a provision, we strongly fancy, few committees, however devoted to the public interests, will think of having recourse to—or giving band and chorus such light work in the after dinner hours as will prove a relaxation and a recreation rather than a task and a labour. We see no other way by which a compromise can be effected, and the results made satisfactory. One thing is certain; after the performance of *Elijah* you cannot reasonably expect, a few hours subsequently, a perfect execution of the *Walpurgis Night* or of an elaborate Cantata. And yet this is what the subscribers and visitors to the Festivals require. They must have the finest music performed in the most admirable manner, and, as they pay their money, they have a right to expect it. But players and singers have a right to some consideration, and they are not exactly the slaves of the public. Let the committees of the different Festivals chew upon what we have called their attention to in this place. It is, we repeat, worth their while. By and bye, they may be compelled to do so, and they will then remember our words.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.—We, who were the first to admire in Italy the talent of Miss Goddard, the distinguished pianist, are much pleased to inform all those of our readers who have had the good fortune to hear her, of the great success she has met with wherever she has played, and that she has every where added to the laurels which she first gained in Italy amongst ourselves. In her excursion into Styria, Miss Arabella Goddard gave several concerts, and all with eminent success. At Gastein, she was induced to give a third, which was honoured by the presence of many illustrious personages, among whom were Prince Albert of Prussia, H. I. H. the Archduke John, the Prince of Lippe-Detmold, the Prince of Rohan, the Prince of Meran, Prince Windischgrätz, the Princess of Carrington, the Countess of Schönbrunn, and a host of distinguished noblemen and high functionaries. Our correspondent writes us in the most enthusiastic terms of the talent of this distinguished pianiste, to whom the highest honours were paid and the richest presents were made. At Ischia, which is the rendezvous of the *élite* of the Viennese society during the summer months, Miss Goddard was engaged for a series of private *soirées*, among which we may mention those of Baron di Sina, who distinguished himself by his high estimation of the talent of the young artist, and by his generosity in rewarding it. Miss Goddard is now *en route* for Vienna, where we have no doubt of the brilliant success which awaits her. Will she not again pay us a visit, we who so well appreciated her *début* on the soil of Italy? She may depend on a hearty reception.—X. (From a Trieste Newspaper.)

THE ORGAN.

We inserted, last week, a long communication from W. Frederic Crane, on the subject of the St. James's organ, partly because its historical portion contains a great deal of amusing information, but chiefly because the whole tenour of the paper discloses an amount of interest in the subject of organs generally, and of almost affectionate regard for the particular instrument of which the writer has official charge, which we heartily wish were entertained by churchwardens generally, and which we therefore hold out for their emulation. Although quite sympathizing with Mr. Crane in his feeling of admiration for the present organ in St. James's church, with which he has been so intimately concerned, we regret our inability to recognise in it the extraordinary qualities he undoubtedly perceived. The adage, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, somewhat stays our hand on this occasion. Mr. Bishop's death is too recent to permit his yet being ranked among the people of history. We cannot at present criticize his work with the freedom we should use either towards an artist of the last century, or one still living among us. Neither is he alive to defend himself, nor does his memory look down on us through that long vista of time which invariably obscures defects, and magnifies beauties. Yet, lest by leaving Mr. Crane's paper wholly without remark, we should seem to consent to all his statements, it is necessary to say something, however brief, on the subject. While warmly admiring the many fragmentary beauties to be found in all Mr. Bishop's best work, we can call to mind no large organ of his that, as a whole, is striking or satisfactory. He had, indeed, certain prejudices, certain adhesions to, not *old*, but *middle-aged* doctrines as to tone, which always interfered with his success in constructing a large organ. Not one of the least of these was that which Mr. Crane evidently considers a beauty—"That inestimable quality (Bishop's characteristic) of mixing well;"—a process which he carried so far as frequently to deprive the necessarily opposed qualities of organ tone of all distinct character. Just this we find the chief defect in the new St. James's organ. The flue-stops of the great-organ, for example, are individually of admirable sweetness, while collectively they form a mass of no dignity or grandeur. The reeds, too, are so tamed down to secure this desired "mixing," that they cease to be of any importance; their entrance does not materially alter either the quality or quantity of tone existing without them. The great-organ "Posaune," especially, though a smoothly voiced reed, has scarcely more force than the "Cremona" of the choir. With Mr. Crane's judgment on the Swell—namely, "that for extent of stops, depth, and power, it probably has no equal"—we are wholly at issue. Our complaint against it is a complete traverse of his statement—namely, that for the number of stops it contains it is singularly ineffective. It is a large swell, undoubtedly, but is greatly deficient in power and brilliance. Claviers of this kind are constantly to be met with, far more strikingly effective, though containing a smaller number of stops. In all that is said of the choir-organ we heartily concur. It was precisely in this class of work that Mr. Bishop's great excellence was displayed, and, than the specimen in point, we know of nothing more beautiful.

It is, however, as to the aggregate effect of the St. James's organ, that we and Mr. Crane are so perfectly at variance. "Altogether," he says, "the St. James's organ may be regarded as amongst the finest organs in London,—indeed, it may be confidently affirmed, that it has no superior." On the other hand, we as confidently submit that, in just balance of qualities, and in general breadth and grandeur of tone, it is far inferior to a vast number of instruments both in and out of London. Thus much we have been obliged to say; still, notwithstanding opinative differences, we trust Mr. Crane will receive, in perfect good faith, our testimony to the zeal and care he has bestowed on the matter, and our wish that the churchwardens in general were half as well improved and a quarter as well inclined as himself.

THE LIVERPOOL ORGAN.

We have received a long communication from Mr. George Lake, in which he bears some, though not a very extraordinary, testimony to the merits of the organ in St. George's-hall. We

do not insert Mr. Lake's letter, for two reasons;—firstly, because all its descriptive portion has long since appeared in the pages of the *Musical World*, and secondly, because we do not admit anything in the shape of professional criticism on subjects which we personally undertake to discuss. The propriety of this arrangement, for many reasons, Mr. Lake will, we think, at once understand. Mr. Best's letter on the same subject was permitted to appear simply as a concession to his position as the appointed organist of St. George's-hall,—we thought he might wish to declare his own impressions of his own instrument, and so accorded him the opportunity. As both Mr. Best and Mr. Lake seem to have addressed us under the impression that we have done the Liverpool organ wrong by "adverse criticism," we must remind our correspondents, and organists and organ-builders in general, that, at present, we have delivered no detailed criticism on the *finished instrument* at all. Our first papers, it must be remembered, were confined solely to a review of the description of the organ which was published, by authority, in the *Liverpool Guide*. Our strictures were directed entirely upon the design of the instrument, and the spirit of puffery and impertinent assumption of superiority over all contemporary works and makers that characterized the description of its details. The solitary opinion we then gave was that the organ constructed on such a scheme, was capable of the prodigious novelty and grandeur of effect claimed for it; and to this opinion—provided the scheme remains unaltered—we have not the slightest hesitation in declaring our adherence. When, subsequently, we noticed the first performance on the organ by Dr. Wesley, we expressly stated that the circumstances of the occasion did not afford us the desired opportunities for thoroughly testing the qualities of the instrument; so that, properly speaking, our "criticism" on the subject is yet unpronounced.

We have not the slightest wish to check controversy about this or any other matter. When we have had the necessary opportunity of thoroughly examining, trying, and hearing the Liverpool organ in all its varieties—and which we shall do in the most impartial spirit and with the sincerest desire to find the instrument in every way worthy of the magnificent hall in which it stands, and when we have written the result of our examination, we shall be happy to insert anything Mr. Best, Mr. Lake, or anyone else may have to say, should they think we have done injustice either to Mr. Willis or his instrument. Meanwhile, they may rest satisfied that the conduct of this department of the *Musical World* has no other object than the furtherance of all that is best in organ-building; and that so little "favour or affection" have we about these matters, that if the unknown firm of Brown, Jones, and Robinson could shew us, by the simple evidence of our eyes and ears, that they had built the finest organ in the world, they would instantly have our suffrages and best recommendation, in preference to Cavallée, or Hill, or Gray and Davison.

LEEDS.—PEOPLE'S CONCERT.—(From our own Correspondent). The Leeds musical season has now fairly set in—concerts are being given to suit all classes. The Leeds Recreation Society, for the last four winters, has laboured to bring within the means of the humblest musical entertainment in nearly every variety of form, from the oratorio to the ballad. The first concert of the fifth season was given in the Music Hall, on Saturday evening. The executants were Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Paget, Mr. Perring, and Mr. Delavanti. Three of these names were familiar to a Leeds audience. Mrs. Paget was a stranger. This concert, in a pecuniary sense, was one of the most successful given by the Society, the room being crowded in every part. Mr. Spark accompanied the whole of the music on the piano. It was no easy task for one conductor, considering the number of pieces given.—The annual services at the parish church, instituted to commemorate the opening of that sacred and beautiful edifice, were celebrated on Thursday the 10th instant. The choir was considerably augmented for the occasion, and amounted to nearly 60 voices—30 men and 30 boys. The musical attractions, however, not being so great as formerly, the congregations were much smaller, and the collections (for the benefit of the choir) meagre. Mr. Burton, the organist, played the accompaniments to the various services and anthems very carefully.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

FIFTEEN ANTHEMS, composed by GEORGE B. ALLEN,
Mus. Bac. Oxon.

It is impossible to examine these compositions without perceiving that Mr. Allen has been in a difficulty, partly of talent, partly of opinion, while at work on them. He has certainly been aware that the traditional cathedral music *had* faults, and has probably done as scores of people of the same way of thinking do—namely, spared himself the trouble of any special analysis for the purpose of discovering what these faults were, by compendiously charging the present music with being old-fashioned. It is this old-fashioned character that he evidently purposes to correct in the compositions under notice, but, on account of the double difficulty aforesaid—on one side, the whole circumstances of his cathedral education were against him, and, on the other, timidity, probably, often prevailed against his wishes—he has only half succeeded. To be a successful art-reformer demands a rare association of rare qualities. Talent of an uncommonly high order must be there; courage, also, that respects no mere prejudices, no matter how time-honoured or multitudinously supported; and lastly, a vigorous discretion, both to rescue the beauties of the past from choking amidst the mass of rubbish falling around them, and to curb somewhat the hot-blooded steed, progress, so that its rider be not carried into a wilderness of error and extravagance, far out of sight of all his contemplated purposes. Now, that Mr. Allen intended to go considerably out of the beaten track, to advance on the path of progress, to become, in some sort, a reformer, in short, is very evident, on the face of his book; but it is by no means so evident that he has a due mixture of the qualities we have indicated above as necessary to success. He is a clever man, and has learned a good deal of music, beyond doubt. We have seen a considerable number of songs by him which testify so much, at least. He has a graceful and tolerably fluent knack in the manufacture of melody, and he accompanies it in a manner that generally displays a good feeling for harmony, and experience as well as taste in its distribution. But these songs are necessarily short and fragmentary compositions; and precisely across the gulf that separates things of this kind from the various descriptions of long and important works is thrown that *pons asinorum* over which every aspirant to great music must pass, and immediately after which he shows, in his first evolutions, whether he is a rightful occupant of the new soil, or merely an unlicensed "squatter." Precisely in the difference between short and long music stands one of the great points on which the cathedral musicians of this country are so much behind their secular brethren.* *Form* is one of the most absolute essentials to the composer for the theatre and concert-room. Without it—no matter what the value of the materials employed—his operas and symphonies become weak, insufferably tiresome, and even ludicrous. But this *form*—in other words, clearness of shape in a whole movement, and symmetrical adjustment of its parts, of its modulations, and of the recurrences of its salient ideas—is essential to *all* music; and yet, to the musician of purely cathedral education, the term itself has absolutely no signification. Developed into its present tangible condition by the great German masters of a comparatively late period, the old church-composers, indeed, could have had no suspicion of its existence or necessity. They wrote partly by instinct, and partly in obedience to the contrapuntal dogmas of the age. Other knowledge—and especially of the larger kind to which we now specially refer—they had, could have had, none. Hence, we find in their works, frequent bright flashes of genius, abundance of fugal and other artificial dexterity, and not unfrequently fragments of grand, broad, and solemn, even sublime, effect. But we also find all these qualities scarcely ever occurring otherwise than in patches. Their *movements* scarcely ever display sustaining power. For the most part they are not only fragmentary in the extreme, but in the arrangement of their materials, and the juxtaposition of their keys, they exhibit effects

* We shall, by and bye, see some exceptions, in which both kinds of music have been cultivated.

constantly unsatisfactory, and often offensive in the highest degree. Brought up, then, to the performance and contemplation of this kind of music, taught to believe it the source of models for all emulation, and not unfrequently to sneer at every thing extra-cloistral as an insane departure from the pure faith in art, it is no wonder that the cathedrally-educated musician should have a difficulty in perceiving the defect of his church-music, or, if his suspicions be awakened on this point, a still greater difficulty in determining where, and to what extent, the reform should be applied. Mr. Allen, as we before said, is evidently in this latter case. He is too modernized in his ideas of music generally not to perceive that, in a new issue of cathedral music, some forward movement was necessary, and yet he appears either irresolute or unconscious in what direction the required improvement should proceed. He is, so to speak, in a transition state; and the complete mistake of his book is that it has been published before his opinions have been finally settled to allegiance with the sixteenth or the nineteenth century. The mixture of both which we find here is certainly little else than useless in an artistic point of view. In some of these Anthems we find little else than a reproduction of the manner, phraseology, and technical faults of his models; in others, solos in which the silly prettiness of Kent seems most carefully emulated; and, again, there are many instances in which modern ideas, and modern feeling seem continually struggling to make themselves heard amidst all the vices of a now fortunately obsolete construction.

(To be continued in our next.)

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 578.)

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

For art, our sole object in the present investigation, the following consequences of incalculable importance result from the destruction of the State.

The representation of the struggle, by which the individual sought to free himself from the political State, or the dogmas of religion, became the task of the poet, the more necessarily as political life, far from which he could, after all, lead only a dream-like existence, was more and more consciously filled with the dilemmas of the struggle, as well as its actual purport. Let us set on one side the religious State-poet, who, even as an artist, sacrificed men, with horrible satisfaction, to his idol, and we have before us only the poet, who, full of real melancholy compassion for the sufferings of the individual, turned, as such himself, and by the representation of his struggle, against the State and against politics. Individuality, which led the poet into a combat with the State, was, however, from the nature of the case, not a purely human feeling, but one pre-supposed by the State itself. It was of the same kind as the State, and merely the opposite, lying within the State, of the latter's extreme point. Conscious individuality, that is to say, an individuality which causes us under particular circumstances to act as we do and not otherwise, is to be gained only in society, which first brings about the circumstances, under which we have to determine what course we will take. The individual without Society is as an individuality perfectly incomprehensible to us, for it is only in our intercourse with others, that the qualities in which we differ from him and which peculiarize ourselves, are evident. When Society became the political State, the latter also presupposed the peculiarity of individuality from its own essential attributes, and as the State, in opposition to free society, it did so, naturally more strictly and categorically than Society. No one can portray an individuality without the persons and things around it, and which presuppose it as such; if these surrounding conditions were natural, affording breathing room for the development of individuality, and freely and elastically fashioning themselves afresh in obedience to inward involuntariness, when coming

in contact with the individuality, they could be strikingly and truly represented by the most simple traits; for it was only by the representation of individuality that they themselves had to attain characteristic peculiarity. The State, however, is not of this elastic and pliant nature, but a dogmatically stiff, fettering, peremptory power, saying to the individual beforehand:—So shalt thou think and act! The State has set up as the educator of individuality, of which it obtains possession in the womb by apportioning it beforehand an unequal share of the means for social independence; by forcing its own morality upon it, the State deprives individuality of the involuntariness of its views, and assigns it, as though it were its own property, the place it shall assume with regard to what surrounds it. It is to the State that the citizen is indebted for his individuality, which, however, is nothing but his predetermined relative position to the State, a position in which his purely human individuality is utterly destroyed as far as action is concerned, and is limited at most to what he *thinks* in silence.

The dangerous corner of the human brain, in which all man's individuality had sought refuge, the State, with the assistance of the dogmas of religion, also endeavoured to sweep out; in this, however, it necessarily proved powerless, since it could only bring up hypocrites, that is to say: citizens, who act differently to what they think. From the habit of thinking, however, the power of resisting the State was, also, first produced. The first purely human movement of freedom was displayed in warding off the dogmas of religion, and the State was ultimately compelled to allow freedom of opinion. But how is this merely thinking individuality displayed in action? It can only act, as long as the State exists, as a citizen, that is to say, as an individuality whose mode of action does not correspond with its mode of thinking. The citizen is incapable of taking a single step not previously laid down for him either as a duty or a crime: the character of his duty and of his crime is not that peculiar to his own individuality; whatever he may do, in order to act according to his manner of thinking, which may be as free as possible, he cannot step beyond the State, to which even his crime belongs. He can only cease to be a citizen by means of death, that is to say, at the point when he also ceases to be a man.

The poet who had now to represent the struggle of individuality against the State, could, therefore, only represent the State, and merely suggest to the mind free individuality. The State was something existing, firm and coloured, while individuality, on the other hand, was something non-existent—a something merely thought, and devoid both of form and colour. All the traits, outlines, and colours, which give individuality its decided, firm, recognizable artistic shape, the poet had to borrow from Society, politically separated and diplomatically compressed, and not from individuality, which designs and colours itself in its contact with other individualities. The individuality merely thus thought and not represented could, therefore, only be offered to the mind, and not be immediately grasped by the feelings. Our drama was, consequently, an appeal to the understanding and not to the feelings. It thus assumed the position of the didactic poem, which represents a subject taken from life, only so far as to satisfy the purpose of communicating a thought to the understanding. But in the communication of a thought to the understanding, the poet has to proceed just as circumstantially, as he must be simple and plain when he turns to the immediate grasp of the feelings. The feelings grasp only what is real, materially confirmed, and perceptible; only what is perfect and complete, that which is merely what it now can be, is susceptible of being communicated to them. Only that which agrees with itself is intelligible to them; that which does not agree with itself, that which is not yet actually and decidedly manifested, confuses them, compelling them to think, and thus driving them to a combining act which abrogates feeling.

The poet who addresses himself to the feelings must, in order to appeal convincingly to them, previously agree so well in thought with himself, as to be able to renounce all the help of the mechanism of logic, and with full consciousness, communicate with the unerring conception of unconscious, purely human feeling. He has, therefore, to proceed as simply and (for the

material perception) as unconditionally, as the real fact—such as air, warmth, flowers, animals, men—manifests itself to the feelings. But the modern dramatic poet has, I have shown, to adopt a diametrically opposite course, in order, by his representation to communicate the most communicable, and, at the same time, most convincingly intelligible element—purely human individuality. Out of the immense mass of its actual accessories, in the State, which evidently lends them proportion, form, and colour, and from history numbed into the State, he has first, with endless labour, to construct individuality, in order, as we have seen, to present it only to the mind after all.* That which our feelings at once involuntarily grasp is simply the form and colour of the State. With the very first impressions of our youth, we behold man only in the form and character given him by the State; the individuality bestowed on him by it, is accepted by our involuntary feeling as his really essential attributes; we cannot conceive him otherwise than according to the distinguishing qualities which are, in truth, not his own, but conferred upon him by it. The people can, now a-days, not comprehend man otherwise than in the uniform of the rank in which from their youth they perceive him materially and corporeally, and the "people's playwright"† can only express himself intelligibly to them, by not disturbing them for a single moment in this civil illusion, which so fetters their unconscious feeling, that they would be plunged into the greatest possible confusion, were an attempt made to construct the actual man out of this material being.‡ In order, therefore, to represent purely human individuality, the modern poet has to appeal not to the feelings but to the understanding, since the individuality in question is even for him merely something thought. For this, the course adopted by him must be extraordinarily circumstantial; all that modern feeling grasps as most intelligible, he must slowly and with the greatest care, divest of its outward covering, form, and colour, before, so to speak, the eyes of this feeling, in order, during the operation, to lead, with systematic calculation, the feelings to think, since the individuality he has in view, can, after all, only be something thought. Thus must the poet appeal, from the feelings to the understanding; it is not until he has, with the utmost prudence, overcome them, that he arrives at his real object: the representation of a thought to the understanding. Thus the understanding is fundamentally the human power to which the modern poet endeavours to address himself, and he can talk to it only by means of the organ of the combining, analysing, dividing, and separating understanding, the mediatory and presupposed language of words, abstracted from the feelings, and merely portraying their impressions and conceptions. Were our State itself a worthy subject for the feelings, the poet would, in order to attain his purpose, have, in a certain degree, to pass, in the drama, from music to the language of words; the case of the Greek drama was almost exactly similar, but the reason of this was reversed. The foundation of the Greek drama was lyrics, from which the drama advanced to the language of words, just as Society advanced from the morally

* Göthe attempted, in *Egmont*, to represent to the feelings this purely human individuality, detached during the whole course of the piece, with laborious circumstantiality, from the historico-political conditional accessories, and, in the solitude of the dungeon, immediately before death, agreeing with itself; for this purpose, he was obliged to have recourse to music and a miracle. How characteristic is it that the idealising Schiller could not understand this uncommonly significant trait of Göthe's highest artistic truthfulness! How erroneous was it, also, on the part of Beethoven, not to begin his music with the miraculous apparition, instead of—inopportunistly—in the middle of the politico-prosaic exposition of the piece!

† *Volkschauspieldichter*.

‡ The people would be placed in the same position as the two children, who, on seeing a picture which represented Adam and Eve, could not tell which was the man and which the woman, because the figures were naked. How, again, are all our views of things modified by the fact that we are generally placed in a state of the most painful embarrassment at the sight of a naked human form, which is usually pronounced to be improper; even our own body is only intelligible to us by reflection.

religious bond of feeling to the political State. The return from the understanding to the feelings will be the course pursued by the Drama of the Future in proportion as we progress from individuality which is merely something thought, to individuality, which is real. The modern poet has, however, to represent, from the very commencement of his task, an accessory, namely, the State, devoid of every purely human moment of feeling, and not to be communicated in the highest expression of it. He can, consequently, only completely carry out his purpose, by means of the organ of communication of the combining understanding, feelingless modern language; and it justly strikes the modern dramatist that it would be inappropriate, confusing, and disturbing, were he, among other things, to employ music for an end which is only to be expressed, at all intelligibly, as a thought for the understanding, and not as an emotion for the feelings.

HUMMEL AND FIELD.

In the year 1823, Hummel visited St. Petersburg, whither his reputation had already preceded him, and gave several concerts there, which were very numerous attended. In the course of these entertainments, he composed extemporaneous variations upon themes suggested to him by his audience, in which he displayed such talent and readiness of invention, as to waken up a perfect enthusiasm among his hearers. From St. Petersburg he proceeded to Moscow, where Field was at that time residing. These two artists had never seen each other, and were only known to one another by their works and reputation. On the morning after his arrival, Hummel, whose appearance was somewhat heavy and slovenly, paid Field a visit. He found him in his dressing-gown, smoking and giving instruction to a pupil. "I wish to speak with Mr. Field," said Hummel. "I am he," said Field. "What is your pleasure?" "I was anxious to make your acquaintance; I am a great lover of music; but I see you are engaged, so don't let me disturb you. I can wait."

Field begged him to sit down, asking him whether the smell of tobacco was offensive. "Not at all," said Hummel, "I smoke, too!" The presence of a stranger so disconcerted Field's pupil, that he very speedily took his departure. During this time Field had been scrutinizing his visitor, whose general bearing struck him as being something remarkable; at length he asked him, "What is your business in Moscow?" Hummel said he had visited Moscow in a mercantile capacity, and that being a devoted lover of music, and having long heard of Field, he could not think of leaving without hearing him.

Field was civil enough to gratify the wish of his visitor. And although he perhaps considered him as little better than a Midaas, he sat down to the piano, and played one of his *Capricci* in his own surprising manner. Hummel thanked him repeatedly for his kindness, and assured him that he had never heard the piano played with so much lightness and precision.

Field answered in a sportive tone, "Since you are so very fond of music, you certainly must play something yourself!" Hummel made some excuses, saying that when at home it was true he played the organ occasionally, but that it was impossible to touch the piano after Field.

"That is all very well," said Field, "but such an amateur as you are, always knows something to play," and he smiled in anticipation of the performance he was doomed to listen to.

Without farther parley, Hummel now sat down to the piano, and, taking the very theme which Field had just played, began to vary it extemporaneously, in a manner so powerful, that Field stood transfixed. Dropping his pipe from his mouth, he seized Hummel, exclaiming, "You are Hummel—you are Hummel! There is nobody but Hummel in the world capable of such inspiration!" It was with no little difficulty that Hummel released himself from the grasp of his admirer.

Gallery of Living Composers.

STAMFORD.—Mr. Thacker, organist of Thorny Abbey, has been elected conductor of the Stamford Musical Union. The first concert of the season will take place in October, and will commence with Bomberg's *Harmony of the Spheres*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSICAL DEGREES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Although from the copy of Professor Walmisley's letter, furnished by your correspondent "Justitia," an inference may fairly be drawn that an exercise, containing only one movement in five parts, might meet the requirements of the university statutes for the degree of Mus. Bac., I beg to assure you that my own personal experience inclines me to believe that, since the above letter was written, the Cambridge Professor has deemed it expedient to render the degrees in his university somewhat more difficult of attainment than formerly.

In my first interview with him on the subject of the degree with which I was subsequently honoured, I informed him that I had prepared a work according to the description I had understood would be required, viz.: a sacred composition in the form of an oratorio, consisting of five or six choruses (two of them fugues), airs, duets, &c., scored for a full orchestra, and occupying nearly an hour in performance. I further informed him that one of the choruses was written in eight *obligato* parts throughout, and that it occupied above twenty pages, closely written. Upon this I was told that it would be useless to send the work for examination, that, in order to the attainment of my wishes, I must write another, with all the chorus in eight *obligato* parts, i.e., forming points of imitation, etc., not merely serving to fill up the harmony, and at least one fugue. This second work was written and approved, and I may now subscribe myself, sir, your very obedient servant,

MUS. DOC. CANTAB.

["Mus. Doc. Cantab."] has our felicitations, which we beg him to accept, together with a notice, addressed to himself and all whom it may concern, that any future communications *apropos* of "musical degrees," must—until some new circumstance of general interest turns up—be paid for as advertisements.—ED. M. W.

CRUSH GREGORIANIZERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Your clever correspondent, "Chorale," headed his last week's communication with this sentence, ascribing it to me—*Crush the Gregorians*.*

Now, I wrote not *Gregorians* (as I am ready to acknowledge that there are some fine specimens of ancient church music, few and far between though they be), but *Gregorianizers*.

I include in this denomination all those enlightened parties, who, at the present day, are labouring to convince the world that none other music, save that written on four-lined staves, in notes of portentous shape and indefinite value, and with signatures of mystic import, is admissible into the musical service of the Anglican Church Catholic.

These men deserve to be "*crushed*," in that word's most literal signification.

For my own part, I never will believe that these "Men of the East" are sincere; or, in other words, that they really are such worshippers of Pope Gregory and his supposed school of music.

I fancy I see a number of them sitting in council, revising the proof sheets of some new work in the ancient style, conscience stricken at the sight and hearing of their own crudities, whispering one to another (alas! how truly), "What a set of humbugs we are!!"

Believe me, very faithfully yours,
12th September, 1855. A YOUNG ORGANIST.

* A misprint for "Gregorianizers."—ED. M. W.

MUSICAL.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was produced, on the 12th ult., for the first time in this city. The house was crowded to suffocation. There was not a single vacant place, with the exception of the Royal box, which was empty, as the Royal Family are at present absent from the capital. The management had done all in its power, in the way of dresses, scenery, and decorations, and the singers exerted their voices to the utmost. The opera was, of course, a "great hit," but, like many other "great hits," will, I strongly opine, soon be consigned to oblivion.—A grand musical festival is to take place in the Crystal Palace, *Glas-Palast*, in October. The necessary funds have already been voted by the board of magistrates, and the direction of the whole confided to a committee of members of the *Hofcapelle*.

BAUHAUS.—The opening of the new theatre, which was fixed for the 1st inst., is postponed for another season.

WEBER'S EURYANTHE.

ACCORDING to the *Leipzig Telegraph*, Weber's *Euryanthe* was first produced in that city on the 20th May, 1825. Henrietta Sontag appeared in it as a "star." A short time previously, Weber himself had arrived from Dresden, and with heavy heart, told his friend Weinlig, Cantor, or chanter, at the *Thomasschule*, that he was very much frightened about the fate of his opera, and placed all his hopes in "fettel," as he called Sontag. Weinlig was greatly surprised, when the composer of *Der Freischütz* told him the following story:—

"When my *Euryanthe* was brought out two years since at Vienna, it did not please the public at all. The Viennese said: '*Euryanthe* was *Ennuyanthe*,' in a word, the opera was very unfortunate and caused me many an anxious hour. In my consternation, I went to Beethoven, and begged him to touch up the work a little. But Beethoven said: 'The thing is good—leave it alone.' To my great consolation, he took from his desk some reviews of his own composition and said to me: 'There; read that.' I looked at the papers, among which I found a number of the *Didaskalien*, in which Beethoven was called an old brandy cask, and one of his masterly symphonies, with a magnificent bass fugue, cried down as the greatest nonsense. In another paper, he was advised to be more diligent, and endeavour to improve his taste, to which end he was recommended to study the artistically correct symphonies of Herr Abell."

Weinlig could not for the life of him recollect ever having heard of Herr Abell. Who knows him now?

WEBER'S "DERNIERE PENSÉE."*

"The waltz known under the title of '*Dernière Pensée* de C. M. Weber,' was composed by me at Vienna in 1822 (it may have been as early as 1821), and, having come into the possession, in the same year, of the firm of C. F. Peters, music-publishers at Leipzig, was, with my first trio (Op. 25) in 1824, (or at the end of 1823), printed in the collection '*Valses brillantes en As*,' Op. 26. It is to be found in this collection of twelve waltzes in A flat. Some of these '*Valses brillantes*' created a sensation at the time, and I often played them at Leipzig in 1823. When Weber produced my Italian opera, *Dido*, in 1824, I was most hospitably received by him at his residence in Dresden, and I remember with pleasure that the great master sang me some very comic songs, and that I was called upon in the small family circle (composed only of his dear wife, Madame Caroline), to give some trifles, and among others, the waltz in question, in my turn. The waltz pleased Weber so much that I was obliged to repeat it several times. He even observed to his wife that words might be adapted to it, and sung himself the commencement thus:—

"Net wahr? Du bist mein Schatzel?"

"Subsequently to this, Weber, as I afterwards heard from his wife, frequently played the waltz, to which he was very partial. It is possible that he performed it also in Paris, during his stay there in 1826, on his road to London. The rest is an affair of the music-publishers. To sum up the matter in a few words, there was in Paris a musician who wrote down the waltz, after having heard it played by Weber, and thus it appeared after his unfortunate death in London as his '*Dernière Pensée*.' There is one point which is unintelligible to me, and that is how my old friend Fixis, who often heard the waltz played by me in Paris in 1824, could publish variations on it, and thus confirm the erroneous notion prevalent in France. I never attached any value to the trifle, and believe that, but for Weber's authority, it would never have created any sensation.

"You have now a circumstantial statement of the whole matter. It was not until 1830, or later, that the firm of C. F. Peters in Leipzig gave a very short explanation, indeed, of it. Hereupon, a young musical dilettante, M. Parmentier (the same who afterwards translated into French and brought into notice several of my songs), wrote to me from Paris, and begged for a confirmation of the reports connected with the waltz. It was thus the details of the whole affair and my letter were published in the French papers.

"C. G. REISSIGER."

* From the *Moderne Musik-Zeitung*.

OPERA AND DRAMA IN GERMANY.

THERE are in Germany, at the present moment, 165 theatres, of which 19 are *Hoftheater* (court theatres with subventions from the various sovereigns), 12 *Stadttheater* (or theatres with subventions from the municipal authorities) of the first rank, 28 *Stadttheater* of the second rank, 39 *Stadttheater* of the third rank, and 67 travelling companies, of which 20 enjoy a very good reputation, and are in satisfactory pecuniary circumstances. The capital put into circulation annually by the theatres of the first rank is reckoned at something between 100 and 400,000 thalers; by the larger *Stadttheater* and smaller *Hoftheater*, at from 80 to 100,000 thalers; by the smaller *Stadttheater*, at from 36 to 50,000 thalers; and by the smaller theatres, open only during the winter season, at from 6 to 20,000 thalers. The number of actors, singers, and dancers living in Germany, amounts to about 6,000, and that of the choristers, members of the orchestra, officials, tailors, etc., to about 8000.

With regard to the salaries, it is reckoned, approximately, that the number of principals in all departments of art, who receive from 2,500 to 6,000, or from 4,000 to 12,000 thalers, is about 50.

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT MÜLLER.—In our obituary of the 8th inst., we intimated the decease of our late musical citizen and fellow-countryman, Robert Müller, whose reputation as a pianist and composer obtained for him, in 1844, diplomas and testimonials from the most celebrated colleges and musical professors in Europe. Robert Müller, at a very early age, evinced a taste for music, and came to Edinburgh, where he commenced his career under the veteran Dewar in the theatrical orchestra. He quickly rose to the top of his profession as a teacher, every hour being more than engaged, and his fame as a practitioner was fully appreciated. During those laborious years of his life his income was very considerable, and ere he attained thirty years of age he had realised such a sum as he thought necessary to enable him to proceed to Germany and Italy to prosecute his study of music in the most celebrated schools, relinquishing his position and home. He alternately placed himself under Hummel, Kalkbrenner, and Hertz, devoting himself to study and improvement. In 1830 he perfected his studies in counterpoint under Professors Zelter and Klein of Berlin. In Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Milan, Naples, Venice, and Bologna, he became a great favourite, and was presented by many of the reigning sovereigns with valuable presents in testimony of their appreciation of him professionally and personally. He was also a friend of Goethe. He was appointed pianist to the late king of Saxony, and, on his return to his native country, pianist to their Royal Highnesses the Princess Mary, and the Duchess of Cambridge.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

"WRITE ME DOWN" A RECORD.—The *Record* lately quoted from our last number some lines relative to the Promenade Concert given in Kensington Gardens on Sunday to the Public, by the Queen. To this quotation were annexed certain comments, reviling us, of course, for ribaldry and profaneness. Our sanctimonious contemporary accused us, moreover, of advocating, in those verses, the institution of Jullien's concerts upon Sundays. If the *Record* writer has ever been present at the concerts of M. Jullien, he must know that they usually include quadrilles, polkas, and other popular pieces of music, whereas the music which we represented as proper for Sunday, was distinctly described by us as having, on the mind of the hearer, an effect essentially and beneficially spiritual. Veracity is not the forte of any of the fanatical journals, Popish or Protestant: but we do not accuse the *Record* man of having uttered, to the prejudice of Mr. Punch, the thing that is not, knowing it not to be. We dare say that he has not the most remote idea of what we mean by good music. To him, probably, sacred music is parish psalmody; nothing else, and nothing more; miserable and vulgar tunes married to equally miserable and vulgar verses; such as the doggerel into which Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate have presumed to turn the Scriptures, in diluting, corrupting, and rhyming, the songs of David. Sacredness in music, as apprehended by him, is probably what, to any person with an average ear, and ordinary sensibilities, is maudlin dreariness; aesthetically

the same thing as the groaning, and moaning, and whining in the pulpit, accepted by the sect which he represents for devotional expression. His allowance of ear, however, may be said to be considerably above the average, and in respect of both ears we should say that he ought to have, by some inches, the advantage of the "tremendous justice Midas," or the "translated" Bottom.—*Punch*.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Saturday last this theatre opened for the winter season, with the play of the *Hunchback*. The house was, as usual, crowded, and Mr. Phelps, who took the part of Master Walter, was greeted with his accustomed welcome. The chief novelty of the evening was the appearance of Miss Margaret Eburne (a provincial popularity), in the character of Julia. The many excellent artists whom Mr. Phelps has introduced to the metropolis, makes a *début* at Sadler's Wells a matter of more than ordinary interest. The present aspirant is very young, with an intelligent countenance, and a small but graceful figure. The name of the *débütantes* and performers in this part has long become legion. Miss Eburne has taken her conception from the most approved models, and embodied it with a young and impassioned earnestness which, considering her extreme youth, gives hopeful augury for the future. Her exertions rose with the exigencies of the situation; her last scene was decidedly her best, and merited the loud and prolonged plaudits it merited. She has studied with judgment as well as feeling, and is singularly free from the exaggeration and false energy which have been the bane of so many fair aspirants. The early scenes were given with easy and naïve vivacity, nor throughout, was there any attempt to overact the impassioned passages, nor give an undue prominence to the colloquial ones. If Miss Eburne has been engaged to fill the highest parts in tragedy, at this theatre, judgment must, as yet, remain undecided as to her fitness for such a career; but she has, at least, succeeded in exciting a strong wish to see more of her.

ACTRESSES AND SINGERS RAISED BY MARRIAGE.—The first person among "the gentry" who chose a wife from the stage was Martin Folkes, the antiquary, a man of fortune, who about the year 1683 married Lucretia Bradshaw, the representative of Farquhar's heroines. A contemporary writer styles her "one of the greatest and most promising geni of her time," and assigns her "prudent and exemplary conduct," as the attraction which won the learned antiquary. The next actress whose husband moved in an elevated rank was Anastasia Robinson, the singer. The great Lord Peterborough, the hero of the Spanish war—the friend of Pope and Swift, publicly acknowledged Anastasia as his countess in 1735. In four years after the Lady Henrietta Herbert, daughter of James, first Earl of Waldegrave, and widow of Lord Edward Herbert, bestowed her hand on James Beard, the performer. Subsequently, about the middle of the eighteenth century, Lavinia Bestwick, the original "Polly Peachum," became Duchess of Bolton. The next on record was Miss Linley's marriage to Sheridan, one of the most romantic episodes in theatrical unions; and before the eighteenth century closed, Elizabeth Farren, a perfect gentlewoman, became countess of the proudest earl in England, the representative of the illustrious Stanleys. She was Lord Derby's second wife, and mother of the present Countess of Wilton. In 1807 the beautiful Miss Searle was married to Robert Heathcote, Esq., brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart.; and, in the same year, Louisa Brunton to the late Earl of Craven. Her son is now Earl Craven, and her niece, Mrs. Yates, still exhibits the dramatic genius of the Brunton family. The *Beggar's Opera* again conferred a coronet. Mary Catherine Bolton's "Polly Peachum" captivated Lord Thurlow. She was married to his lordship in 1813. In more recent times, the most fascinating of our actresses, Miss O'Neill, wedded Sir William Wrexham Beecher, Bart.; Miss Foote, the Earl of Harrington; Miss Stephens, the Earl of Essex; and Miss Mellon, then Mrs. Countess, the Duke of St. Alban's.—*Burke's Romance of the Aristocracy*.

THE FIRST SINGER GOING—NOT GONE.—Grisi gave us the gratification of singing during the past season at the Italian Opera, because happily her villa at Florence was not completely ready for her—the glazier having omitted to glaze the windows, or the painter having forgotten to paint the doors. Happily for the Parisians the same neglect still prevails among the tradesmen of the *Prima donna*, for she is announced to sing in Paris during the ensuing winter, in consequence, no doubt, of the upholsterer having failed to put up the curtains according to contract, and having thus left her free to appear before the curtain again. We dare say the tradesmen of Grisi will know how

to accommodate their future movements to the taste of the public; and if the Queen of Song is required next year at Covent Garden, nothing will be easier than for the ironmonger to forget to send home the scraper, or the bell-hanger to omit to hang the street-door bell. Of course it would be unreasonable to expect a public favourite to retire until everything is made perfectly comfortable for her reception, and it is even possible that if she should have finally taken leave, and the pipe of the cistern should burst, or the rain should come in at a loose slate in the roof, she might be induced to re-appear for a few nights during the completion of the necessary repairs. The only thing to be apprehended is the possibility that the lady herself may get a little damaged in her vocal machinery, and that before her villa is in every respect ready for her, the public may begin to feel that it is time to say Farewell! The time has not yet approached, but we recommend the still attractive favourite to keep her tradesmen up to the mark, if she wishes to have her villa in perfect order for her reception, when it is really time for her to take possession.—*Punch*.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER, Sept. 12th.—(From our own Correspondent).—The second *troupe*, brought down from London by Messrs. Beale and Co., terminated their six nights of Italian Opera at our Theatre Royal, on Saturday evening. It is to be hoped the gross receipts derived from the performances of the two parties—the Bosio-Tamberlik and the Grisi-Mario—will be sufficient to warrant a similar attempt at the close of the opera season next year. On the *Norma* night there was a full-dress circle, and the rest of the house was good. In the denunciation of Pollio Grisi shone with her wonted fire, and the audience were warmed into enthusiasm. She was encored in “Ah, non tremare,” and was recalled unanimously after the first act, and again at the close of the opera. *Il Barbiere* was given on Thursday, imperfectly, since one of the chorus-singers had to “walk” the part of Basilio—[he could not sing it at all]—by which the concerted music suffered much; and “La Calunnia” was cut out. The part of the Count was too much for Sig. Lorini, who gave the first part only of “Ecco ridente.” Under these circumstances it is a marvel the opera went off with such spirit. Sig. Susini’s Doctor Bartolo, M. Gassier’s Figaro, and Mad. Gassier’s Rosina were all that could be wished for. The valse in the singing lesson electrified the house, and was loudly encored. Grisi and Mario afterwards appeared in the well-known scene from the last act of the *Huguenots*, which was nearly spoiled by the chorus; and it took all the impassioned energy of the two great artists to redeem it. After that they were honoured by a recall. On Friday we had *Don Pasquale*, in which Sig. Susini still rose in the estimation of the Manchester public. M. Gassier was an excellent Doctor Malatesta, his wife, the most piquant of Norinas, and in Mario we had the original as Ernesto. The result was an exquisite performance. “Com’ è gentil” of course was encored. Saturday, the last night, was a *bumper*—every part of the house being well filled—to hear Grisi and Mario in *Lucrezia Borgia*. This was on all hands a great performance. The chorus was better than usual: even subordinate parts were well filled. Lucrezia was Grisi’s most successful effort during the week; and in Gennaro the singing and acting of Mario were fine throughout, and his death-scene inimitable. Sig. Susini again did himself credit in Alfonso. The recalls were numerous, and there was a perfect *furor* at the end.

In abridging and condensing my article on the operas of last week and Tuesday, I was made to do injustice to two clever artists, which, in common fairness to them, ought not to be. Insert the lines put below in their proper place in the notice of the different operas. After the notice of *Don Pasquale* insert—“The curtain afterwards rose and Mdlle. Nantier-Didée appeared in the last scene from *Conventola*. The operas during the week having had no contralto part for her—she gave the ‘Nacqui all’ affanno’ with great expression, sang the ‘Non più mesta’ charmingly, and had the honour of a recall.” Next, in the notice of *Lucrezia Borgia*, say—“Mdlle. Didée gave great satisfaction in the part of Orsini, and was rapturously encored in the *brindisi*, ‘Il segreto.’ M. Gassier deserves a word of praise for taking so subordinate a part as that of Gubetto, in order to increase the general effect. His Assur, Count Rodolpho, Figaro, and Doctor

Malatesta, if not exactly after the Tamburini model, were all excellent pictures. Signor Mario introduced a song by Lulli, with recitative beginning ‘Come soave,’ which was encored. The singer returned to bow his acknowledgments, but the audience *would* and *did* have the song repeated.”

Charles Hallé leaves Manchester after all. He has given notice to the directors of the Concert Hall to give up the conductorship of their concerts in March next. Meantime the Classical Chamber Music Society will continue its meetings *one more season*, and the eight evenings are fixed for Nov. 22, Dec. 6th, 20th; Jan. 3rd, 17th, 31st; Feb. 7th and 21st. Messrs. Ernst, Sainton, Molique, and Piatti, are engaged.

THE GRAND-OPERA IN 1713.*

An official document bearing date the 11th of February, 1713, runs as follows:—

“List of the number of persons, men and women, of whom the King wishes and orders that the Académie Royale de Musique shall be always composed, without augmentation or diminution.”

In this document we find that the basses, playing parts, received from 1,000 to 1,500 livres† each.

The counter-tenors the same.

With regard to the actresses, of those who played parts, the first received 1,500 livres, and, following a diminishing proportion, the sixth, 700 livres.

The men, as well as women, in the choruses, received 400 livres each.

The two first male dancers are put down at 1,000 livres each, and the others at 800, 600, and 400 respectively.

The two first *danseuses* received 900 livres each, and the others from 500 to 400 each.

The *batteur de mesure*, conductor, received 1,000 livres.

From this document we find that, in 1713, the personal staff of the Opera amounted to one hundred and twenty-six, artists and others, who cost, all together, *sixty-seven thousand and fifty francs* annually.

* From the *Dictionnaire Administratif et Historique des Rues et Monuments de Paris*, by MM. Louis and Félix Lezard.

† A livre is equivalent to a franc.

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| 5. Do not mingle | Bellini. |
| 6. Alice Waltz | Browne. |
| 7. La Sirene de Sorrente | Arnaud. |
| 8. La Pensée | Neuland. |
| 9. Bright things can never die | Rimbault. |
| 10. O luce di quest' anima | Donizetti. |
| 11. Alexis | Himmel. |
| 12. Une Belle Fleur | Hüntten. |

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